

MISCELLANY

THE GHOST HORSE

On a fine evening, in the spring of 1830, a stranger, mounted on a noble-looking horse, passed slowly over the snow-white limestone road leading through the Black Forest. Just as the sun was going to rest for the day, when the gloomy shadows were beginning to stalk, he drew rein, as he said:

"This must be near the spot, surely. I'll stop here, anyhow, for a while, and see what I can learn."

He thereupon dismounted, and entered the parlor of the inn, where he sat down beside a small table.

"How can I serve you, Meinheer?" said the landlord.

"See to my horse, outside," replied the guest, "carelessly, but at the same time eyeing the landlord from head to foot; and let me have some wine—Rhine will do."

The landlord was turning to withdraw from the stranger's presence, when he stopped, and said:

"Which way, Meinheer, do you travel?"

"To Nanstadt," replied the guest.

"You will rest here to-night, I suppose?" continued the landlord.

"I will stay here for two or three hours, but I must then be off, so as to reach my destination there in the morning. I am going to purchase lumber for the market."

"And you have considerable money with you, no doubt?" asked the landlord, innocently.

"Yes, considerable," replied the guest, sipping at his wine disinterestedly.

"Then, if you'll take my advice," said the landlord, "you'll stay here till morning."

"Why?" replied the stranger, looking up curiously.

"Because," whispered the landlord, looking around, as if he were disclosing a great secret, and was afraid of being heard by somebody else, "every man that passes over the road between this and Nanstadt, for the last ten years, has been robbed or murdered, under very singular circumstances."

"What were the circumstances?" asked the stranger, putting down his glass empty, and preparing to fill it again.

"Why, you see," the landlord went on, while he approached his guest's table and took a seat, "I have spoken with several who have been robbed. All I could learn from them is, that they remember meeting, in the lone some part of the wood, something that looked white and ghastly, and that frightened their horses so that they either ran away or threw their riders. They felt a choking sensation and a smothering, and finally died, as they thought, but awoke in an hour or so to find themselves lying by the roadside, robbed of everything."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the stranger, looking abstractedly at the rafters in the ceiling, as though he was more intent upon counting them than he was interested in the landlord's story. The inn-keeper looked at him in astonishment. Such perfect coolness he had not witnessed for a long time.

"You will remain, then?" suggested the landlord, after waiting some time for his guest to speak.

"I?" cried the stranger, starting from his fit of abstraction, as though he was not sure that he was the person addressed. "Oh! most certainly not. I'm going straight ahead, ghost or no ghost, to-night."

Half an hour later, the stranger and a guide, called Wilhelm, were out on the road, going at a pretty round pace towards Nanstadt.

During a flash of lightning, the stranger observed that his guide looked very uneasy about something, and was slackening his horse's pace, as though he intended to drop behind.

"Lead on," cried the stranger; "don't be afraid."

"I'm afraid I cannot," replied the person addressed, continuing to hold his horse in until he was now at least a length behind his companion. "My horse is cowardly and unmanageable in a thunder storm. If you will go on, though, I think I can make him follow close enough to point out the road."

The stranger pulled up instantly. A strange light gleamed in his eyes, while his hand sought his breast-pocket, from which he drew something. The guide saw the movement, and stopped.

"Guides should lead, not follow," said the stranger, quietly, but with a firmness which seemed to be exceedingly unpleasant to the person addressed.

"But," faltered the guide, "my horse won't go."

"Won't he?" queried the stranger, with mock simplicity in his tone.

The guide heard a sharp click, and saw something gleam in his companion's right hand. He seemed to understand perfectly, for he immediately drove his spurs into his horse's flanks, and shot ahead of his companion, without another word.

He no sooner reached his old position, however, than the stranger saw him give a sharp turn to the right and then disappear, as though he had vanished through the foliage of the trees that skirted the road.

He heard the clatter of his horse as he galloped off. Without waiting another instant, he touched his horse lightly with the reins, gave him a

prick with the rowels, and off the noble animal started like the wind in the wake of the flying guide.

The stranger's horse being much superior to the other, the race was a short one, and terminated by the guide being thrown nearly from his saddle by a heavy hand which was laid upon his bridle, stopping him.

He turned in his seat, beheld the stranger's face, dark and frowning, and trembled violently as he felt the smooth, cold barrel of a pistol pressed against his cheek.

"This cursed beast almost ran away with me," cried the guide, composing himself as well as he could under the circumstances.

"Yes, I know," said his companion, dryly, "but mark my words, young man, if your horse plays such tricks again, he'll be the means of seriously injuring his master's health."

They both turned and cantered back to the road. When they reached it again, and turned the heads of their animals in the right direction, the stranger said to his guide, in a tone which must have convinced his hearer as to his earnestness:

"Now, friend Wilhelm, I hope we understand each other for the rest of the journey. You are to continue on ahead of me, in the right road, without swerving either to the right or left. If I see you do anything suspicious, I will drive a brace of bullets through you without a word of notice. Now push on."

The guide had started as directed, but it was evident, from his muttering, that he was alarmed at something besides the action of his follower.

In the meantime, the thunder had increased its violence, and the flashes of lightning had become more frequent and more blinding.

For awhile the two horsemen rode on in silence—the guide keeping up his directions to the letter, while his follower watched his every movement, as a cat would watch a mouse.

Suddenly the guide stopped and looked behind him. Again he heard the click of the stranger's pistol, and saw his uplifted arm.

"Have mercy, Meinheer," he groaned, "I dare not go on."

"I give you three seconds to go on," replied the stranger, sternly. "One!"

"In Heaven's name, spare," implored the guide, almost overpowered with fear; "look before me in the road, and you will not blame me."

The stranger looked. At first he saw something white standing motionless in the centre of the road, but presently a flash of lightning lit up the scene, and he saw that the white figure was indeed ghastly and frightful enough looking to chill the blood in the veins of even the bravest man. If his blood chilled for a moment, therefore, it was not through any fear that he felt for his ghostly interloper, for the next instant he set his teeth hard while he whispered just loud enough to be heard by his terror-stricken guide:

"Be it man or devil!—ride it down; I'll follow. Two!"

With a cry of despair upon his lips the guide urged his horse forward at the top of his speed, quickly followed by the stranger, who held his pistol ready in his hand.

In another instant the guide would have swept past the dreadful spot, but at that instant the report of a pistol rang through the dark forest, and the stranger heard a horse gallop off through the woods riderless.

Finding himself alone, the stranger raised his pistol, took deliberate aim at the ghostly murderer, and pressed his finger upon the trigger.

The apparition approached quickly, but in no hostile attitude. The stranger stayed his hand. At length the ghost addressed him in a voice that was anything but sepulchral:

"Here, Wilhelm, ye move out of your perch this minute and give me a helping hand. I've hit the game while on the wing, haven't I?"

The stranger was non-plussed for a moment; but, recovering himself, he grumbled something unintelligible, and leaped to the ground. One word to his horse, and the brave animal stood perfectly still. By the snow-white trappings on the would-be ghost he was next enabled to grope his way in the dark toward that individual, whom he found bending over a black mass, about the size of a man on the road.

As the tiger pounces upon his prey, the stranger leaped upon the stooping figure before him, and bore it to the ground.

"I arrest you in the King's name," cried the stranger, grasping his prisoner by the throat and holding him tight. "Stir hand or foot until I have you properly secured, and I'll send your soul to eternity."

This was such an unexpected turn of affairs, that the would-be ghost could hardly believe his own senses, and was hand-cuffed and stripped of his dagger and pistol before he found time to speak.

"Are you not Wilhelm?" he asked.

"No, landlord," replied the individual addressed; "I am not. But I am an officer of the King, and at your service, on special duty, to do what I have to-night accomplished. Your precious son Wilhelm, who you thought was leading an innocent sheep to the slaughter, lies in the road, killed by his father's hand."

Two weeks later, at Bruchsal prison, in Baden, the landlord of the sign of the Deer and the Ghost Robber of the Black Forest, who was the same identical person, having been proven guilty of numerous fiendish murders and artfully contrived robberies, committed at different times in the Black Forest, paid the penalty of his crimes by letting fall his head from the executioner's axe, since when traveling through Schwartzwald has not been so perilous to life and purse, nor has there been seen any Ghostly Knight of the Road in that section of the world.

Charleston Advertisements.

Livery and Sale Stables,
CHALMERS STREET,
CHARLESTON, S. C. WM. A. BAKER, Proprietor.
Carriages, Phaetons, Buggies and Saddle Horses to hire, at all hours. Mules and Horses for sale. Feb 27

CHARLESTON HOTEL,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
THE undersigned having taken charge of the above well-known HOTEL, respectfully informs his friends and the traveling public that it has been REFURNISHED, in all of its departments. The table will, at all times, be supplied with the best Market affords, including every delicacy in season, while the cuisine will be unexceptionable. The Bath Room attached to the Hotel are supplied with the celebrated Artesian Water, and Hot, Cold or Shower Baths can be obtained at any time. The same attention will be paid to the comfort of the guests as heretofore, and travelers can rely upon finding the Charleston Hotel equal to any in the United States. The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited.
J. P. HORBACH, Agent.
Jan 11 3mo Proprietor.

New York Advertisements.

JAMES CONNER'S SONS
United States Type Foundry
AND PRINTER'S WAREHOUSE.
Nos. 28, 30 and 32 Centre street, (corner of Reade street,) New York. The type on which this paper is printed is from the above Foundry. Nov 18

REEVES' AMBROSIA
FOR THE HAIR,
IMPROVED!

IT is an elegant Dressing for the HAIR.
It causes the Hair to Curl beautifully.
It keeps the Scalp Clean and Healthy.
It invigorates the Roots of the Hair.
It forces the Hair and Beard to grow luxuriantly.
It immediately stops Hair Falling Out.
It keeps the Hair from Changing Color from Age.
It restores Grey Hair to its Original Color.
It brings out Hair on heads that have been bald for years.
It is composed entirely of simple and purely vegetable substances.
It has received over six thousand voluntary testimonials of its excellence, many of which are from physicians in high standing.
It is sold in half-pound bottles (the name blown in the glass) by Druggists and Dealers in Fancy Goods, everywhere, at One Dollar per Bottle. Wholesale by Demas Barnes & Co.; F. C. Wells & Co.; Schieffelin & Co., New York.
March 13 1y

INDIA RUBBER SCRUBBER.

WE have been appointed Selling Agents for BAYNE'S INDIA RUBBER SCRUBBER, and take pleasure in recommending it as the *Ne Plus Ultra* of scrubbing brushes. It will scrub a dirty floor in less time and do the work more effectively than any scrubber hitherto introduced. It only requires a trial to be appreciated. WM. A. WRIGHT, Esq., Superintendent of Nickerson's Hotel, and A. M. HUNT, Esq., of this city, certify that it is the perfection of scrubbers. Call and get one, or see it tried at store of
J. & T. R. AGNEW.
May 14

Columbia and Augusta Railroad Co.,

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
COLUMBIA, S. C., February 13, 1868.
ON and after FRIDAY, the 14th inst., Passenger Trains will be run over the road as follows, on Tuesdays and Fridays: Leave Lexington C. H., at 8.00 A. M. " Columbia, at 4.00 P. M. Arrive at Columbia, at 9.30 A. M. " Lexington C. H., at 6.00 P. M. Freight will also be taken and delivered promptly.
C. BOUKNIGHT, Superintendent.
Feb 13 thlmno

Laurens Railroad--New Schedule.

OFFICE LAURENS RAILROAD,
LAURENS C. H., S. C., July 12, 1867.
ON and after MONDAY, 22d instant, the trains will run over this Road as follows, until further notice:
Leave Laurens at 5 o'clock a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and arrive at Newberry at 11 o'clock a. m.
Leave Newberry on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at fifty minutes after 12 o'clock, connecting with both trains on the Greenville and Columbia Railroad at Helena Shops.
JOSEPH CREWS, Sup't.

PLANTS FOR SALE.

I am prepared to furnish the lovers of PLANTS, such as Geraniums, Heliotropes, Fuchsias, and many other beautiful plants, cheaper than sold in any other market.
J. A. CRAWFORD,
Corner of Bland and Bull sts.,
April 18 Columbia, S. C.

EXCELSIOR.

THE COLUMBIA PHOENIX
Book, Job and Newspaper
PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.
Main Street, above Taylor.

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CONDENSED TIME TABLE

OF CHARLOTTE AND SOUTH CAROLINA RAILROAD COMPANY, AND ITS CONNECTIONS, TO PRINCIPAL NORTHERN CITIES: Going North Read Down. Coming South Read Up.

ARRIVE.	LEAVE.	TERMINALS.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.
11.05 P. M.	4.00 P. M.	Columbia	6.00 A. M.	
4.45 A. M.	11.35 "	Charlotte	11.35 P. M.	11.35 A. M.
5.00 P. M.	5.30 A. M.	Greensboro	7.02 "	7.17 "
6.15 A. M.	8.50 P. M.	Richmond	4.45 A. M.	8.15 A. M.
9.10 "	7.45 A. M.	Washington	5.50 P. M.	7.30 P. M.
1.32 P. M.	9.45 "	Baltimore	3.45 "	4.15 "
5.08 "	1.32 P. M.	Philadelphia	12.00 M.	12.00 M.
		New York		8.36 A. M.

ARRIVE.	LEAVE.	TERMINALS.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.
9.31 A. M.	9.35 A. M.	Raleigh	3.15 P. M.	3.20 P. M.
3.05 P. M.	3.30 P. M.	Weldon	10.35 A. M.	10.40 A. M.
7.30 "	7.30 "	Portsmouth	6.00 "	6.30 "
8.30 A. M.	9.45 A. M.	Baltimore	3.45 P. M.	4.30 P. M.
1.32 P. M.	1.32 P. M.	Philadelphia	12.00 M.	12.00 M.
5.08 "		New York		8.36 A. M.

ARRIVE.	LEAVE.	TERMINALS.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.
7.30 P. M.	7.30 P. M.	Portsmouth	6.00 A. M.	6.30 A. M.
2.30 A. M.	2.45 A. M.	Crisfield	10.45 P. M.	10.45 P. M.
8.03 "	8.10 "	Wilmington, Delaware	4.45 "	5.05 "
9.25 "	9.30 "	Philadelphia	3.35 "	3.35 "
1.08 P. M.		New York		11.56 A. M.

OPTIONAL TICKETS to all points North, good over either route named above, can be had on application at the Ticket Office, foot of Bland street. BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

For tickets to Columbia and all points South, via this route, apply as follows, viz:

New York—Ticket office 193 Broadway. A. Stewart, Agent.

Ticket office New Jersey Railroad—Foot of Courtland street, or at the principal hotels.

Philadelphia—Ticket office Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, and Continental Hotel.

Baltimore—Ticket office Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Camden Station, or on the boats of the "Old Bay Line."

To avoid heat and dust, and make sure and safe connections, ask for tickets over this route.

C. BOUKNIGHT, General Superintendent.

E. R. DORSEY, General Freight and Ticket Agent. June 2

South Carolina Railroad.

THIS Company has now for sale, for the accommodation of merchants throughout the country, "BUSINESS TICKETS" to travel over the road.

ONE THOUSAND MILES FOR \$25.

They can be procured at the Company's Ticket Offices in Augusta, Columbia and Camden; also in Charleston, from

L. C. HENDRICKS, General Ticket Agent, Office John street.

April 10 fm

South Carolina Railroad.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, SOUTH CAROLINA RAILROAD, April 28, 1868.

THE FOLLOWING FREIGHT TARIFF from Nashville and Chattanooga to Columbia will take effect from and after this date:

To Columbia. From Nashville. From Chattanooga.

Bacon per 100 lbs. 83 62

Oats per bushel. 28 21

Wheat, rye and barley per bushel. 43 32

Pork and beef per barrel. \$2.57 \$1.93

Flour, apples, onions and potatoes per barrel. 1.59 1.19

Whiskey, high wines and alcohol. 3.95 2.95

(Signed,) H. T. PEAKE, General Superintendent.

May 7

Prices Lower than any other establishment

In this State, or even New York.

Pamphlets, Circulars, Bill Heads,

Letter Heads, Posters, Hand-bills,

Receipts, Ball Tickets, Invitations,

Dray Tickets, Checks, Briefs,

Programmes, Drafts, Blanks,

Wedding, Visiting and Business Cards, &c.,

Of all styles and sizes; in fact,

promptly attended to.

JULIAN A. SELBY, Proprietor.

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